

## STOLE ALL BUT THE HOT STOVE.

Burglars Strip a Flat and the Bride Went Home to Mother.

TOOK HER WEDDING GOWN

Young Mrs. Bauhahan Wept and Said She Would Not Stay in the House.

Having no moving van at their disposal, the burglars kindly left the stove in the flat of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Bauhahan, at No. 14 West One Hundred and Thirtieth street, Wednesday night. The couple had only been married one week, and everything vanished, including the bride gown and orange blossoms, and the dress suit the groom had worn. Mrs. Bauhahan wept aloud.

"I won't stay here another minute," she sobbed. "I'm going home to mother. Why those wretches even stole my bridal veil. I'm going home right now." "Well, they took my wedding suit," said the groom, thus showing that he was willing to share the sorrow as well as the joys of wedlock, but the bride went home to her mother.

It was an awful scene of devastation and ruin that greeted the unhappy pair on their return from a call late Wednesday night. Had there been a "To Let" sign handy Mr. Bauhahan, in his desperation, would have hung it in the front window. The cozy little home was stripped bare of everything that goes to make life in a flat worth living. But that was not the worst of it. People can worry along without chairs and crockery and tables, but what is existence to a new bride mired wedding presents and the white satin gown in which she faced the minister? Absolutely nothing. Mrs. Bauhahan cannot be blamed in this instance, for going back to her mother.

There was fire in the stove, or that adjunct would also have been missing, no doubt. The couple place their bags at \$1,000. Captain Cordon's sleuths, of the East One Hundred and Fourth street station, are hot on the trail of the thieves, but have not overhauled them yet.

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home," Mr. Bauhahan facetiously observed, as he and his bride left the flat early in the evening. The wedding presents were such as are usually bestowed upon a young couple, and the bride was very proud of her collection. But the whole lot vanished. Butter dishes of silver, napkin rings, salt cellars, pie knives, cut glass, spoons and what not. All the jewelry the bride and groom did not wear was taken. Pictures were moved from the walls, and all their dress apparel vanished from the closets. Had the burglars been in the room and the carpets, which the cruel burglars did not have time to take up.

## COLLEGE NEGRO ORATOR.

Butler Students Protest Against the Colored Student Who Will Speak in the Indiana Contest.

Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 2.—Butler University, situated at the suburb of Irvington, will send a colored student as its representative to the annual contest in oratory, which meets here in January, and which embraces representatives from all the educational institutions of the State, and this will be the first time that a colored man has ever appeared in the Indiana contest before the State honors in oratory. The successful contestant at last night's preliminary contest at the Irvington campus was a young colored man from Kokomo, who is now a member of the senior class. He has appeared in three contests before at the university, and in each stood well up to the head, being second at one time and first at another. The most painstaking students in the institution, and popular with his classmates, but the winning of the honor last night aroused much feeling among the white students.

To-day there was talk of formally protesting against his appearance in the State contest. Those who object to him say that the sending of a colored man as the university representative in the State contest will have the effect of destroying the institution's standing in that body, and every subsequent representative in such contest will suffer in consequence. As Roberts won by the unanimous verdict of the judges, he will represent the university.

## THEY FOUND MRS. MOOK.

An Illustration of the Working of the General Alarm System of the Police.

A man excited and evidently greatly afflicted rushed into the West One Hundredth street station yesterday and begged the aid of the police to help him find his wife who went shopping and had not returned. A general alarm was sent out for a woman about five feet tall, thirty-nine years old, wearing a black silk skirt, cloth jacket, buttoned boots and diamond earrings; name, Mrs. Mook, of No. 78 Manhattan avenue.

Then Mr. Mook went out to make the rounds of his friends' houses.

Policeman Hayes of the Leonard street station, found a young woman suffering from hysteria in the waiting room of the Deshobro street station yesterday. She was unconscious, and he sent her in an ambulance to Hudson Street Hospital.

Policeman Hayes reported at his station last night that he had found an unknown woman about five feet tall, about thirty-nine years old, of fair complexion, gray hair, wearing a black silk skirt, cloth jacket, buttoned boots and diamond earrings.

The sergeant recognized the description as that of the woman yesterday, and he sent her in an ambulance to Hudson Street Hospital.

Will Try to Impenish Mayes. St. Louis, Dec. 2.—The members of the committee of the Charles-Comell, who have been in session here for several days, have decided to impenish Mayes.

A Picture That Inspires. THOUSANDS of people with burdens on their hearts and distress in their souls have stood before Long's famous painting, "Christ or Diana," and found in it the comforting influence that comes with the final knowledge that there is but one path to take in order to reach the final haven of consolation and rest. It is so soothing to look upon and so restful to the weary sinner that the Rev. R. R. Chivers, of the Baptist Union, selects it for the great Christmas Journal as the painting that has had the greatest influence for good. Dr. Chivers writes at length of this great masterpiece exclusively for the Journal, and the article is printed in full, while an entire page is given to a facsimile of the original painting as it came from the brush of the painter. The Christmas edition is limited, owing to the great number of pages, and your order must be in early or you will perhaps fail in securing a copy. All news-dealers sell the Journal.

## QUIET HOME WEDDING THAT INTERESTED GOTHAM SOCIETY.



Mrs. H. C. Bowers and John A. Weekes, Jr., Married Yesterday.

THE marriage of Mrs. Henry C. Bowers, a young widow, and John A. Weekes, Jr., was celebrated last night. The ceremony at the bride's home, No. 46 West Forty-seventh street, was marked by the utmost simplicity. The Rev. Dr. William S. Rainford officiated. The wedding was in the front drawing-room at 9 o'clock. There were no bridal attendants. Previous to the ceremony a dinner was given for relatives and a few friends.

Both bride and bridegroom are well known in society. The bride, before her first marriage to Henry C. Bowers, was a Miss Durant. She was left a widow little more than a year ago, her husband being struck by lightning on the golf links at Cooperstown. He was a brother of John M. Bowers, and left a large fortune. The bridegroom, John A. Weekes, Jr., has recently been elected to the State Assembly. He belongs to an old New York family.

## JESTED WHILE WIFE DIED.

Comedian Livingston Forced to Entertain an Audience Under Trying Circumstances.

Louisville, Ky., Dec. 2.—Mrs. Delia McQuaid Livingston, aged twenty-six, wife of Arthur Livingston, a member of the Mervin Dramatic Company, died at Norton Infirmary last night from the effects of an operation for appendicitis. Mrs. Livingston

had lived with her parents at Santa Rosa, Cal., and came here two weeks ago to join her husband.

Mr. Livingston worked at the Temple Theatre last night under a terrible strain, the death of his wife being momentarily expected. He took the part of the aunt in "Charley's Aunt," the most rollicking part in the farce. Mr. Livingston reached his wife's bedside from the theatre an hour before her death. In his effort to hide his real feelings last night Mr. Livingston was so amusing that other members of the company laughed in their lines.

## BRITONS IN TROUBLE.

Frederick Taylor, of Canada, Meets "J. Pierpont Morgan," a Bunco Man.

It required but a little time for Frederick Taylor, of Ontario, to lose his \$98 and the nice job he had in view, taking care of J. Pierpont Morgan's invalid nephew on a trip to England. Two bunco men got the \$98, but they are in jail. Mr. Taylor has had his ticket extended and will remain to prosecute, after which he will be abroad, but not as a nurse.

On Tuesday the young man arrived from Port William, Ontario. Next day he went to the White Star office and bought a first-class passage for England. On the way back to his hotel Taylor met John Smith, of No. 28 East One Hundred and First street.

"I'm coachman for J. P. Morgan, Jr., said Smith, "and am looking for a man to care for his nephew, who sails on the Adriatic to-day."

"Why, I'm going on that steamer myself," exclaimed Taylor.

"Then you're just the man. All your expenses will be paid, and you'll receive some money besides. Come and see me, Mr. Morgan."

The delighted Taylor accompanied the coachman to Fourth avenue and Fortieth street, where the pair met Franklin B. Parker, almost aristocratic looking gentleman, coming down the steps of an elegant house.

"There's Mr. Morgan now," whispered Smith to Taylor.

Taylor was deeply impressed by the lofty bearing of Mr. Morgan, and gazed at him with awe.



"Here is a man for you, Mr. Morgan," the obsequious Smith remarked, as he introduced Taylor to the millionaire.

"How much money have you got?" Morgan asked, with languid interest.

"Sixty-eight dollars," Taylor answered.

"Let me have it," Morgan said.

Taylor gave up his cash. Morgan placed the bills in an envelope and handed them to Smith.

"Go to my office at once," he said, "and get a draft for this money. It will be cashed for Mr. Taylor's journey."

Mr. Morgan then walked haughtily away and Smith and Taylor went to Bloomingdale street to purchase a steamer blanket. Smith told the nurse to wait outside.

In Essex Market Court yesterday they were held in \$1,000 each for trial.

William Varley, of England, Decides That This is a Blawasted Country.

"I'll leave this blasted country to-morrow, blame it if I don't," William Varley remarked with some vehemence as he stood on the sidewalk yesterday in front of the West Side Police Court. Then he spoke again.

"It's a bloomin' outrage to be marched through the streets by a common vulgar peeler and then harried up before a blasted bench for doing nothing at all."

Mr. Varley is an English gentleman, touring the eastern edge of the United States. As may be surmised, he inspected our police court system and made a note of it.

The tourist landed at Baltimore from a swift Liverpool cattle steamer one week ago. He managed to elude the police while viewing the monuments and last year's oriole nests. Finding Baltimore tame, Mr. Varley made close connection with a cattle train bound North. Montreal was his destination, but he stopped off at Albany and looked at the ruins of the new State Capitol building.

In some mysterious manner Mr. Varley got his literary twisted at Albany. The next seen of the tourist was in a box car in the New York Central Yards at the foot of West Seventy-second street. That was yesterday morning. Mr. Varley was sleeping sweetly on a pile of soap. Luckily the soap was in boxes and not in which was broken. Mr. Varley awoke to find that he had taken nothing from the car. He promised to return to England as soon as possible and write a book, so the "bench" told him to go.

William Varley stepped outside, made a few vaudeville remarks and started.

## JOKE ON GENERAL COLLIS.

City Officials Gayed the Commissioner While He Read of the Beauties of Fifth Avenue.

"The finest hotels and restaurants and handsomest chateaus in the world are located on Fifth avenue," said General Collis, at a meeting of the Gas Commission in Mayor Strong's office yesterday.

"Since you got hold of it?" queried Comptroller Fitch, in a bantering tone.

The Commissioner of Public Works read out from a list of names.

"From sunset until after midnight this great thoroughfare is thronged with carriages," sneered the Mayor.

"And thousands of people are crossing and recrossing the avenue at every street intersection," sneered the Mayor.

"When they can," said his Honor, with a wink at the Comptroller.

"Fifth avenue is to New York what the grand boulevards are to Paris," said the Commissioner.

"Were you there during the siege?" asked Mr. Fitch, with a great show of interest.

"Gentlemen," said General Collis, smiling at the jokers and dropping the paper. "This communication is dated in December, and not last summer, as you imagine."

He then recommended that the electric lights on Fifth avenue between Fourteenth and Fifty-ninth streets be doubled at a cost of \$10,000. The Board decided to consider the matter at a meeting next Tuesday.

The Gas Commission decided to light the circle at Fifty-ninth street and Elzibth avenue and place sixty-four arc lights along the streets of City Island.

St. Paul's Bicentenary. London, Dec. 2.—The bicentenary of the reopening of St. Paul's Cathedral was celebrated this afternoon with magnificent Masonic service. From 5,000 to 6,000 Free Masons attended the ceremony, and the Lord Mayor, Lord David Davis, and the Sheriff of London were present.

At 250 grand lodge officers, in full regalia, took part in the procession.

## DIVVER'S SHARP MOVE.

Assembled Second District Leaders at His Club, and Claims to Have "Downed" O'Connor.

Patrick J. Divver asserted last night that he had wrested from Frank J. O'Connor control of the Tammany Hall General Committee of the Second Assembly District, and that at the coming primaries he would win by such a majority that his return to leadership could not be questioned.

The General Committee has been assembled since the dismemberment of Divver to meet at the O'Connor headquarters, No. 22 Park row. Last night, what is claimed to have been a majority assembled at the headquarters of the Divver Club in Madison street as guests of the ex-Judge.

Before many, except those on the inside were aware of it, the Committee had made such arrangements for the primaries, as would benefit Divver. And it all seemed to be ready for the coming contest.

Deery, who recently went over to Divver, president, and Francis J. Grimes officiated as usual, Secretary.

It was announced that the Tammany Hall General Committee would probably call the primaries on or about the 21st inst., and that every Tammany Hall man in the district would be expected to help Divver get back his place at the head of the organization.

Cheers from a crowd which packed the club rooms greeted Mr. Divver as he declared in a brief speech that John C. Sheehan, Richard Croker and others high in the councils of the organization would be delighted to see him again in control of the district. He promised that if reelected leader, the Democratic triumph of last month would be repeated constantly.

It was announced that the General Committee were notified of the meeting. O'Connor was not present. His friends charge sharp practice and say that the gathering was not a regular one. This question will have to be determined by the district court. The organization. The fight at the primaries will be bitterly contested.

## DOUBLE TOMS IN COURT.

Colored Preacher Complains of His Wife and Departs Under Parole to Keep the Peace Himself.

In one majestic revolution, the wheels of justice placed an entirely different aspect upon the domestic troubles of the Rev. Thomas Thomas, colored, of Williamsbridge, who had his wife arraigned in the Morrisania Police Court yesterday, charging her with conduct unbecoming a lady. But, at the conclusion of the case, the minister was paroled to keep the peace, and marched away arm-in-arm with his wife and mother-in-law, who gave damaging evidence against him.

The domestic is well known in Williamsbridge religious circles as the "Double Tom," because of the redundancy in his name. He dwells, but not in harmony, at No. 99 First street, with Mrs. Double Tom and her mother, Priscilla Jampello.

"My wife Sada is no lady, Judge," the minister reluctantly informed Magistrate Pool. "I want her placed under bonds to keep the peace."

"That man won't bustle for no congregation," burst the complainant's mother-in-law.

Mrs. Jampello subsided, and the Rev. Deacon continued his narrative, telling of failures of his wife to provide his meals and of her having put him out of the house, with the mother-in-law's help.

Mrs. Thomas soon convinced the Court that the fault was all on the other side, Priscilla Jampello, the mother-in-law, had her say, and when the Magistrate said he would consider a complaint against Double Tom for disturbing the peace and malicious mischief, the minister promised to be his usual obedient servant.

Thomas left court on parole.

Selling Out. If you wish somebody would buy your restaurant, then, without delay you should try a Journal "want."

Journal For Sale "Wants"—16 words 30 cents.

## QUIGG'S SCALP THE PRICE OF HARMONY.

Platt Urged to Make John Proctor Clarke County Chairman.

LOU PAYN PRESSES HIM.

But Platt Says Censure for Quigg Is Equally Certain for Himself.

Demands for the scalp of County Chairman Quigg poured in upon Senator Platt yesterday as they have not on any day since the Tracy fiasco. State leaders joined with those of the Greater New York in insisting that Quigg's retention is perhaps the most serious obstacle to party harmony. It was intimated to the Senator that if he would throw Quigg over and take up Assistant Corporation Counsel John Proctor Clarke or a man of that stamp, and allow the crooked enrolment lists to be corrected under his supervision, there might be some chance of a cessation of hostilities.

Superintendent of Insurance Lou F. Payn reminded the Senator that he had predicted that Quigg would prove a failure as conductor of the Greater New York campaign. He claimed to speak for a majority of the up-State district leaders when he asked that Quigg be given his walking papers. Platt told all that he did not intend to have Mr. Quigg a scapegoat.

"What Quigg did," Mr. Platt is quoted as saying, "he did under my direction. If he is culpable, so am I."

The revolts again Quigg in the Fifth, Thirteenth, Nineteenth, Twenty-first, Twenty-third, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-seventh, Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth and Thirty-first districts—all normally Republican strongholds—are assuming such proportions that at the primaries on December 14, it was predicted yesterday, every one of these districts would elect anti-Quigg delegations. The opposition to Quigg seems to be more powerful in his own, the Fourteenth Congressional District, than in any other section of the county. There is where the movement for John Proctor Clarke has been sprung. But Senator Platt tells every one he will have nothing to do with Mr. Clarke because of his identification with the anti-machine faction.

To-night, at Lyric Hall, the Swayne-Brookfield convention is to be held. Every effort will be made to form a coalition against the Platt-Quigg machine. Delegations from the McCook-Lewis-Youngs-Yearns-Leimier combination will attend the convention and strive to induce the Swayne-Brookfield element to unite with them. An Executive Committee is to be named, which will call primaries for an early date at which will be chosen a new County Committee. This committee will demand recognition from the county and State committees.

Chairman Van Cott, of the machine uniting organization, received for the first time a preliminary report from the four of the election district associations in the Twenty-ninth Assembly District, which were reorganized last night.

Platt leaders in those districts refused to furnish the rolls for inspection. If the lists are not submitted to the committee at its meeting next Monday, it is expected that a lot of all the Twenty-ninth District delegates, and Alexander E. Mason, the Platt candidate for the district, will be put up candidates for Senator and members of Assembly, and perhaps even a Governor and other State officers.

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## YANKEE CYCLES BARRED.

Would-Be Exhibitor Seeks the Aid of the Law to Get His Wheels in London's Exhibit.

London, Dec. 2.—The Hon. Sir Ferd North, Judge of the Chancery of the High Court of Justice, to-day refused an application to enjoin the National Cycle Show, which opens at the Crystal Palace to-morrow, from holding its exhibition unless it includes American machines.

The petitioner was allotted space, which was subsequently withdrawn when it became known that he intended to exhibit American wheels.

Justice North, in rendering his decision, said that if the plaintiff succeeded at a trial of the case he would be entitled to substantial damages, but it would be unjust to the defendants to order a specific performance.

## RAISING CHICAGO TRACKS.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 2.—Mayor Harrison, by clever diplomacy and almost by main strength, forced the anti-track elevation members of the "gang" in the City Council to pass two important and extensive track elevation ordinances at a special session to-night.

The two ordinances provide for the elevation of twelve miles of track over several four crossings, at an estimated cost of \$3,000,000. The first ordinance, which was passed by a vote of 12 to 10, would be in effect the Chicago and Northwestern and Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul. The entire work must be completed on or before May 1, 1898, and completed within two years after that date.

In addition to this, there are now pending ordinances for the elevation of every important piece of railroad track in the city, on which there are dangerous grade crossings. They are certain of passage.

## Notes of the Theatres.

The entertainment for the Actors' Fund benefit to be given at the Kaleidoscope Theatre to-day begins at 1:30. The bill includes "Cinderella," a three in one act, by Charles Dillston and his associates of "The Plan of the Cross" company, John Drew and Meade Adams together in "Mrs. Hillyer," a comedy by the author of "My Darling Clementine," and "The Plan of the Cross" company, John Drew and Meade Adams together in "Mrs. Hillyer," a comedy by the author of "My Darling Clementine," and "The Plan of the Cross" company, John Drew and Meade Adams together in "Mrs. Hillyer," a comedy by the author of "My Darling Clementine."

Camille D'Arville is to appear at the Sunday concert at the Star Theatre, December 12.

I. T. Tanner and Adrian Ross, authors of "The Ballet Girl," arrived yesterday from London, and will direct the production of their play, which will be seen at the Manhattan Theatre, December 22.

Vesta Tilley last evening presented diamond scarf pins to Albert Mischon, treasurer, and "Toby" Saxe, advertising agent of Weber & Fields' Music Hall.

"A Ward of France" comes to Wallack's Theatre December 13. It is a historical drama, dealing with French and American incidents of the period of 1800, the scene of the story being in New Orleans during the time the Spaniards were in control of that city. A strong American sentiment pervades the play. It is based on a play in the third act, when the Continental soldiers possession of the city in the name of the United States.

Dr. T. H. Baynes has rewritten his comedy, "Mixed Pickles," in which J. B. Post starred for many years. It will shortly be presented in New York under the title of "The Day After."

## ODD DECISIONS OF JUDGES AND LAYMEN IN STRANGE EMERGENCIES.



An Omelette as an Incendiary.

"I will make me a Spanish omelette," murmured Joseph Welch, artist, as he tumbled out of bed in his studio on the third floor of the Boniteller Building, No. 37 West Twenty-second street, yesterday morning.

From a cupboard he produced eggs, tomatoes, an onion, a can of French pens and a bottle of alcohol. He filled the lamp under the alchof dish, neglecting to recork the alchof bottle, and lit a match. There was a blinding flash, a report and in no instant the entire studio was splashed with blue flame, Persian hangings, Moorish fabrics and antique silken cushions were in flames.

Welch made a great outcry, and Mr. and Mrs. Tennant, also artists, ran in from the adjoining studio. Tennant's bathrobe caught fire while he was trying to save his friend's treasures, and Mrs. Tennant saved him from being burned alive by enveloping him in Welch's sabled-lined overcoat, which was destroyed.

The entire building was aroused. It was Bohemia in a panic. William A. McKay, an illustrator of the Century, gathered together some sketches and rushed out in his pajamas to get a policeman. The functionary he found would not believe there was a fire until he had stroked upstairs to see for himself. In the meantime an alarm was turned in by the janitor. The firemen saved the building, but Welch's studio was wrecked. His loss amounts to about \$2,000.

Don't Miss It! Not if you want results. Have your "Wants" in the Christmas Journal next Sunday. Largest circulation.



Used a Brickbat to Get Lodgings.

Victor Carlberg, knowing of no other means to escape cold and hunger, took a brick and hurled it through the window of a total stranger within full view of a policeman.

"Go out and abide for yourself," said his brother Charles, of No. 212 Waverley place, a day or two ago. "I am tired of keeping you."

It sounded quite easy, but Victor Carlberg, without money, friends or employment, found that to "abide for himself" meant to shift from street to street with hunger gnawing him.

In the small hours yesterday morning he longed for a place to lie down and something to put into his stomach. As he shuffled up Second avenue, keeping close to the buildings for shelter, he saw that he was the object of suspicious attention on the part of a policeman and a night watchman.

A brick that lay near an unfinished building occurred to him as being an excellent medium for conveying his desire for lodgings in a peremptory way. He picked it up and smashed the nearest window, which happened to be that of S. Atterbury's cigar factory.

The simple device worked to a charm. In Jefferson Market Court yesterday he was held for trial on the charge of malicious mischief. And he was happy, because the prison dinner hour was near.

Don't Be Satisfied with good enough. Get it better! If you have trilled behind because you have not used Journal "Wants" change your tack. Try the Christmas Journal—next Sunday.



To Rob Letter Boxes No Crime.

It may be a sin to steal a pin, as Dr. Watts declared, in his famous hymn, but it is no crime to steal a package that has been left confidingly on top of a letter box, in the expectation that the postman will put it in his bag.

So ruled Magistrate Mott, yesterday, on the strength of a decision that had been rendered by a Federal judge; and as Mr. Mott was a United States District-Attorney in his day, he ought to know something about it. This would appear to mean that any predatory individual may scour the city with a wagon and load it with packages deposited on the top of letter boxes, under the very noses of the police, without being interfered with.

The case in point was that of a boy named Frank Rustein, of No. 42 Delancey street, who was arrested at Broadway and Broome street in the small hours yesterday morning with a package under his arm. By promising to "let him off light," Policeman Handle induced him to confess that he had taken the package from the top of a letter box. It contained needles.

In Jefferson Market Court Magistrate Mott rebuked the policeman for having made such a promise, and also enunciated his ruling that "A package that has been left on top of a mail box has not been mailed." Hence the boy was discharged.

Mightier Than Pen and Sword are Journal "Wants." They do the world's business. You reach everybody in one day. Most people reached by the Christmas Journal Next Sunday. Be in it.



Court Decides a Bike a Necessity.

It was a suit for maintenance before Magistrate Denel in the Yorkville Court, and the defendant denied his ability to support his wife. He was Charles G. B. Smith, by calling a manager of hotels.